

Dirty Lungs

Wooh Da Kid

[Hook: x2]

Lotta' smoke, dirty lungs
I swear I smoked a lot, I need 'bout thirty lungs
Word around town I'm worth 'bout thirty tons
Thirty youngin's on the block, that's 'bout thirty guns

[Verse 1:]

My little homie hit a lick, for 'bout thirty pounds
His little sister, baby daddy, he just laid 'em down
He robbed 'em with a mess like he ain't no his voice
He like I don't give a fuck, I ain't have a choice
Thirty youngin's 'round with him, they don't play around
Thirty niggas with extendo's that hold thirty rounds
Lotta' smoke, dirty lungs
Don't get your ass smoked from this dirty gun

[Hook]

[Verse 2:]

It's a party going on with the Squad nigga
B.S.M., Wooh Da Kid, party hard nigga
You know Wooh Da don't play that, shooter's I'll K that
Chopstick party, you know we will A.K. that
Two two three will make him lay back
Close the curtains on your life, like a Maybach
Why I'm getting zooted with my niggas, hella dirty lungs
R.I.P. Slim D, I got us, put that on my son's

[Hook]

[Verse 3:]

Fist up, thugging like the Panthers in the eightie's
Wooh Da I'm a hippy, I be smoking with your lady
Dirty lungs, dirty girl, she got dirty ways
He ain't seen her in a month, that's 'bout thirty days
Thirtie's the new twenty, then I'm in my teens
Your little sister nineteen, then I'm in her jeans
She got dirty lungs, all she do is smoke
Swimming laps in that pussy, think I need a boat

[Hook]